Mitchel (Mr.) called the Incubus

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A
Second Day's Journey
OF THE
TINCLARIAN DOCTOR,

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of LAUDERDALE, *written in the Sixty Third Year of his Age,* 1733.

May it therefore pleaſe your Lordſhip,

TO accept of this Day's Journey, I dedicate this to your Lordſhip, becauſe I know your Lordſhip hath Underſtanding to be edified and inſtructed by all the Books that ever I wrote, which was made plain in theſe Words; your Lordſhip ſpake to me the laſt Time I was with you, your Lordſhip ſaid, *That you was much obliged to me for bringing my Light to your Lordſhip*, and I am much more obliged to your Lordſhip, for paying me ſo honourably for theſe Books and Epiſtles. There is many of the reſt of the Nobility wearies in buying my Light, but your moſt honourable Lordſhip continues the ſame, as *Solomon* ſaid of himſelf, *That his Wiſdom remained with him, notwithſtanding of all his ill*

Wives. So I say of your Lordship, That your Wisdom remaineth with you, notwithstanding of all the Crosses your Lordship hath had in this World; this might be an happy Nation, if all the Nobility had the one Half of your Understanding; *Argyle* and *Isla*, had never an Halfpeny to give me for my Light all their Days, altho they had the Honour to have the Offer of it both in *England* and *Scotland*, their Servants brought me back my Books, and said, they did not understand them, but now they shall never have the Offer of them; as for your Lordship, who hath Understanding, and knows the meaning of my Books. I say of your Lordship, as the Queen of *Sheba* said to *Solomon*, *Happy are thy Men, and happy are these thy Servants which stand before thee.*

May it please your Lordship,
I am your Lordship's
most poor Servant,
WILLIAM MITCHEL.

READER,

IT is said, That the Queen of *Sheba* gave to *Solomon*, One hundred and twenty Talents of Gold; but if the King would be pleased to give me but one Talent, I would print Books with it, and give them for nought to his poor Subjects, that they might know how to win from the Snares of the Devil; if I chance to be made like a Fish, as the King of *Babylon* was made like a Beast, I will not want Money in the Bottom of the Sea to print my Testament.

Ye must know, I printed a Sheet of my Journies to the

the *North*, which was dedicated to the honourable Countess of *Wymess*, my Ambassador being out of Town who had the Parchments, so I went no further in it than *Linlithgow*; in the mean Time, I was moved to go to *East Lothian* with my Books and Epistles, especially to instruct the Magistrates and Ministers of *Haddingtoun*. Sad News aho! sad News aho! sad News aho! As I was going by the South-side of the *King's Park*, there comes a great blast of Wind, which blew my Books one Way, and my Hat another Way, so that I could see none of them, and as I was going to seek them, there comes a great blast of Wind which carried me off my Feet, and threw me down the Brae upon a great Stone, where I got a great Dash upon my Flanks; I was also wounded in my Stones, so that I could go no farther, so I came clinching Home; then I went to Doctor *Learmont* with some of my Light, to give to him to make my Stones equal, I carried them both along with me with great Difficulty, hearing he was the only Doctor who cured Secrets, I having no Desire that all should know it, especially my Wife; but his Servants who received my Books came back with them, and they did throw them out of their Door, but I know it was with the Master's Consent; my Ambassador told me, he had more Skill in curing Men in the Clap, than in curing Men in the Stones. So you hear, he is a Man who studies his own Trade which he makes more Profit of, than he can do by curing Men in the Stones; for if all Men was wounded in the Stones, he would lose his Bread; it is the Cliverness of the Stones, which gets him such a good Diner, and it is the Unsoundness of mine that makes me want it, but for his Discretion he shall never have the Honour to nb my Cat. I am inform'd, that he offered my Ambassador, Five Pound Sterling for his Birthright of the *Learmont*'s Coat of Arms; but if he

take my Counſel, he would not give it to him, for all the Pottage that him nor his Wife is capable to make Uſe of. I went one Time to the Council-Chamber to ſeek a Poſt, which was to be Maſter of the Correction-Houſe, and of the Whores, but Bailie *Wallace* ſaid, I would be over kind to the Women; then I ſaid to them, if they would give me that Poſt, I will order a Surgeon to geld me; but Provoſt *Campbel* ſaid to me, it is not ordinary to make Eunuchs in this Place; then I ſaid to them, that none ſhould have that Poſt but Eunuchs; for if *John Smith*, late Kirk Treaſurer and I had been made Eunuchs when he was created Pope, it had been telling him and me both; ſo long as I am in this Condition, the Magiſtrates needs not fear to give me ſuch a Poſt. This brings me in Mind of a Story of an old Wife at *Dumferling*, who complained to the Colonel of the Gray Horſe, that ſome of them had got her Daughter with Child; ſhe comes to him with a great Complaint, and ſaith unto him, O Sir, hath not ſome of your Gray Horſe got my Daughter with Child, he ſwore to her, that all the Horſe in his Regiment was gelded except his own, and if ſhe could prove it was him, he ſhould geld him immediately. It was told me there, that when they went off they left Two young Regiments in their Place, and that is the Reaſon the King hath ſo many Soldiers.

I have been made to keep my Bed for theſe Ten Days, not being able to go to the Independent Church; I have read, that a Man that hath broken Stones, ſhould not go near the Altar; I have alſo read, that them that is wounded in the Stones, ſhould not enter into the Congregation of the Lord. I take all this Sufferings out of the Hand of God, for Sin muſt be puniſhed either in this World or in Hell; God puniſhes Men oft Times in this World to anſwer their Sins; with my own Conſent, the Devil did caſt

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me upon a ſtrange Woman near the ſame Place; ſo it was moſt juſt, that I ſhould ſuffer at the ſame Place. I have read of a King, who ſaid, Threeſcore and Ten Kings have gathered their Meat under my Table, having their Thumbs and great Toes cut off, ſo he ſays as I have done, ſo God hath requited me; they did the ſame to him, as ye read *Judges* i. *Abimelek* the King, that Son of a-Whore killed Threeſcore and Ten of his Brethren upon one Stone, for that, a Woman did caſt down a Peice of a Milſtone upon him, and brained him, as ye read in that Book. Some ſays, it was the Devil that blew me down upon that Stone, he being the Prince of the Power of the Air; ſome ſays alſo, that I forgot to pray that Morning, and that was the Reaſon there came ſo much Miſchief upon me; your Argument is but weak, for it is ſaid of *Job*, thus did *Job* continually; yet ye hear how the Devil ſpoiled all his Skin, and blew down the Houſe upon his Children; then it is no Marvel he blew down me, he had not Power to caſt me upon a ſtrange Woman, he thought he ſhould caſt me down upon that Stone, *for if he cannot catch Geeſe, he is ſure to catch Goſlins*, which is made plain in Miniſters Children, eſpecially Captain *Riddel* who lives at *Royſtoun*, his Father was a good Man, and preached in the *College Kirk*; but as for him, when I and my Ambaſſador went to him to give him Light, he curſed us both for offering him Light. So my Books does good to ſome, and evil to others; the Worſhippers of God loves my Books, but the Worſhippers of the Devil hates them, which is made plain in *Simpſon*, the big Surgeon, I went to him ſince I came from the *North*, to give him Light, but he ſaid to me, the Devil one of my Books he would have, he ſaid, he did not like them; ſo ye hear he puts more Reſpect upon his Maſter, than he doth upon himſelf, becauſe he put the Devil before himſelf; ſo

it is made plain, that the Devil is in his Heart when he comes roaring out of his Mouth, *for out of the Abundance of the Heart the Mouth ſpeaketh.* There is not only one Devil in ſuch Perſons, but Abundance of Devils as that Scripture makes plain. So you Reader, if ye cannot ſpeak without making mention of the Devil, ye make it as plain as A, B, C, that you are a true Worſhipper of the Devil. God is angry, when ye take his Name in your Mouth in vain, but the Devil's Pride makes him glad, well doth he love his Name ſpoken of, you cannot do him a better Turn, than when ye ſpeak needleſly of his Name; he is in the mean Time clapping your Lugs, there is but few that know his Devices as I do; I was long in his Service, which is made plain in that Book of the *Devil's Sixteen Regiments*, which is to be ſold by me; the Principal, and the Profeſſor of the College, hath now paid me honourably for my Books, which gives me the more Hopes of them; ſo I muſt have Patience, becauſe Sanctification is not like Juſtification, Juſtification is done at once, but Sanctification is carried on by Degrees; ſo I muſt endeavour to bring them in Stap by Stap, and by Degrees, Rome *was not built in one Day*; neither can they be brought into the Chriſtian Faith in one Day. As for *Glen* and *M'Claren*, theſe Miniſters, if it be lawful to call them Miniſters, they would never give an Halfpeny for my Light, I have tried them often, they will end or they mend, I have now left them as obſtinate; for *Solomon* tells me, *altho' I bray them with a Piſtol in a Mortar, their Fooliſhneſs will not depart from them.* Theſe Men hates their own Souls, for *Solomon* tells them, *he that refuſeth Inſtruction, deſpiſeth his own Soul*; he ſays alſo, *that a Whip is for a Horſe, and a Bridel for an Aſs, and a Rod for the Fool's Back.* As I told before, that there is many ſuch Miniſters makes their Belly their God; *Paul* told them this weeping, but they

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will not believe him nor me; their Belly is not only a Burden to the Town, but it is a Burden to themselves; if they would love their Souls, as they love their Bellies, they might be happy; the last Time I sent my Books to them, they had Money enough to buy Flesh, Fowls and Butter for their Dinner, which was for the Good of their Bellies, but they had never a Halfpeny to give for my Books, which was for the Good of their Souls; they have much Need of the Prayers of the Independent Church, I do not reckon their Church a Church; as for *Mathison* the Minister, when I sent my Ambassador with my new Light to him, he had no less than two Legs of Mutton, and a Sey of Beef preparing for his Belly, if St. *Paul* had the Half of it, he would not have cried out, *that he was hungry*. Our great Lord, and his Apostles, was glad of a bit Barley Bread, and a bit Fish, but that would not go down well with them wanting Butter; for Fear my Ambassador had stayed to get a Share of it, he took both his Hands and shut him out of his Doors, so ye see the Difference between him and Mr. *Meldrum*, Minister of the *Trone Kirk*. As for the Lord *Strichen*, instead of being better, he is turned worse, I sent my Light again to him, I have a great Desire for his Conversion, but he abused my Ambassador with his Tongue, and called him a Rascal, as he called me a Vilain, and said, his Lugs should be nailed to the Trone for offering him my Light; I pity his Condition. As for the honourable Lord *Royston*, he hath eleven Times more Knowledge nor he had, since I began to instruct him.

I must close with the Application, not for want of Matter, but for want of Money; the Application is to all Women, who prints the Devil's Mark on their Faces, but I have it on my Backside; so let all Dutchesses, and Countesses, and Ladies, and Gentlewomen, and the Lasses in the *Luckenbooths*, all who

have

have the Devil's Mark on their Foreheads, for it is such as they are, that hath brought all this Misery upon me, so let them put their Faces to my Backside, and then they shall see the Devil's Mark as clearly as *Jezebel* the Queen, that cursed Whore, who was seen looking out at her Window, before she was cast down with her painted Face; *Moses* says, *thou shall not print any Mark upon you, I am the Lord*, Lev. xix. Ye hear it is the Lord that speaks to them, the next Words is spoken to their Parents, *do not prostitute thy Daughter, to cause her to be a Whore.* Ye hear in this Scripture, that their Parents hath the Cause of their Daughters being Whores, that suffers them to print their Faces; then what Sort of Ministers are those, who allows their Wives and Daughters so to be, it is as plain as A, B, C, that they are the Ministers of the Devil.

I offered my Light to Three Lords, and all in vanity; it is a Question among Divines, which of the Three is wisest? that is, the Lord *Oliphant*, and the Lord *Rutherford*, and the Lord *Somervil*, he is last, because I think he hath least Wit. When I and my Ambassador, went Two long Miles to give him Light, he said to us, go and be damned you and your Books; I know he will be damned, before I give him the Offer of them again; as he hath no Charity for me, I have as little for him, yet I have as much Charity for him, as *David* the King had for *Doeg* the *Edomite*.

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